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The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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CONTENTS OF NO. 1.

THE PETRIFIED FERN 1
THY KINGDOM COME 1
THE STILL HOUR 3
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB 4
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL:—
A VIOLENT TEMPER 4
NATURAL HISTORY:—
PROTECTION OF BIRDS 5
NOBLE LIVES:—
WILLIAM HULL 6
AMUSEMENT COLUMN 11
THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE 12
IMPORTANT NOTICES 12

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate, and fibres tender;
Waving, when the wind crept down so low.
Rushes tall, and moss and grass, grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
Nature revelled in grand mysteries,
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees;
Only grew and waved its wild, sweet way;
None ever came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks, and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean,
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
Covered it and hid it safe away.
Oh, the long, long centuries since that day!
Oh, the agony! Oh, life's bitter cost
Since that useless little fern was lost.

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
Searching nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

—*Mary Lydia Bolles.*

THY KINGDOM COME.

"*Thy kingdom come.*"—MATT. vi. 10.

Was there ever a heart created so poor in ideals and hopes as never to desire that the world should improve? that things should go on (if they were despondent) from bad to good, or (if they were of cheerful temperament) from good to better? Was there ever one who did not feel, no matter how bright or masterful or conquering a life he succeeded in living, that it was quite beyond his own power to bring this future Golden Age to accomplishment, even with himself in any perfect degree, far more in any large way with the world?

The desire that a kingdom, a fairer realm than the present, should come; the sense that it belongs to God and not to us,—these two forces converge in the petition in our Lord's Prayer, "Thy kingdom come"!

Yet there are more ways than one of praying it, more dispositions than one which may feel that the prayer encourages their mental attitude toward the world, filling it full of their own meaning instead of finding Christ's meaning—God's meaning—in this mighty prayer.

There are those—and their name is legion in this active, generous, unselfish age of philanthropies and charities, of day-dreams of a millennium, or of earnest labors for the bettering of humanity—who look to see a multitude of wrongs set right. By wholesome teaching or restraining laws, a more enlightened self-interest or a more disinterested public spirit, they hope to see the prayer put into effect. Thy kingdom is not yet, they say. Evil men have thus far hindered it: let it come to the weary and strug-

11948

gling earth as the sun comes, bringing morning out of night.

Others there are—and not seldom these very ones of whom I speak come to be such—for whom even this vision of a redeemed and renewed earth does not exhaust the desire of their souls. They have tried the disappointments and the disillusions of life, and they know full well that, even if the poor vessel in which all these earth-bound hopes are contained—this globe itself—could be passed, so to speak, through these fiery, regenerating heats, which would make it over, porcelain instead of common clay, it would be brittle and hollow still, quite too perishable a vessel to imprison all the needs, and too small to contain the satisfaction of all the longings of the human soul. They have not greatly succeeded, and they know they never can in this world. They have loved, and what they most care for has had its sunset out of their sky. The real desire of their souls is, "Oh that I were a dove! then would I fly away and be at rest," in a land very far off which they hope for, of light and joy and peace,—the kingdom which is not of this world.

Yet there is a hope more spiritual than the first of these, and more hopeful and manly than the second. I may desire to see the world better than it is, and may believe that it can become so, yet not be satisfied with the mere bettering of its conditions on the earthly plane. I may feel that there is an enlargement which only God can give, yet not put it utterly beyond the horizon of the life that now is. "Some, indeed, would say," if I may quote Mr. Maurice, "that the source of this sense of beauty and righteousness and truth is *in* themselves: if men were but great and noble and free, . . . they would perceive it. Others affirm that, when they exalt themselves, this secret is hidden from them; that they enter into it only when they are humbled. The first would say, not, indeed, in a prayer, but in their professions, their daily acts, their processes of self-discipline, '*My* kingdom come!' let my spirit be lightened of the outward impediments which prevent it from being right, wise, free; let it be lifted to its proper throne from which it may look upon all beneath and around it, and, if there be aught above it, as its own possession. The other says, 'Thy kingdom come!' let the eyes of my understanding be cleared of their native mists, that they may see thy wisdom; let me be purged of my inward pride and self-seeking, that I may know thy truth; let me be set free from my exceeding sinfulness, that I may confess thy righteousness and be clothed with it. And, that this may come to pass, do thou take the government of all that is within me, of conscience, affection, reason, will, that they may do thy work, and not their own."

And now, if we turn to him who gave us this prayer,—to Jesus, our Saviour,—to know in which of these interpretations of it our souls shall find rest, he leaves us no room for doubt. It is the largest possible, and it touches all lesser interpretations with light and fulness.

The phrase "the kingdom of God" was, in the day of Christ, the natural expression on the lips of many of his countrymen of their dearest longing; but it was a very materialistic kingdom which they prayed for. They saw the hated foreigner exercising dominion over them; they believed that the Messiah's kingdom would be the rule of a prince of their own blood, a second David, over an independent nation, as God's vicegerent. Jesus took the hope which he found there; purified and transfigured it, and gave it as an eternal possession to mankind. He did not rebuke it or contradict it: he ennobled it, and so made it a hope great enough to answer all the unsatisfied longings of men's souls. The two classic passages which define the Christian conception of God's kingdom, out of a hundred or more in the New Testament which speak of it, are certain words of Christ and of Saint Paul. When some of the Pharisees asked Christ when the kingdom of God should come, his answer was, "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation; neither shall they say, Lo here! or Lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you." And his great apostle says, writing to the Romans, "For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." That is to say, the kingdom *is*, not merely shall be, by and by, here or hereafter. It is an interior, spiritual kingdom, and no outward, material improvements in civilization can exhaust its benefits for us. It is in those spiritual gifts which are in their very nature *powers*, and so it must be cumulative,—a richer treasure, a larger blessing, a fuller kingdom, all the time.

I think there is nothing which we so much need as this great and hopeful faith in the present, ruling God. The imperfections of this world, and of ourselves, are not difficult to perceive. The fact that this world is *in the making*, only, is plain enough to every one.

Men have always grasped, from the begin-

ning, this great fact. Religious men have laid hold upon it as giving a clue full of light and comfort to the darkest mysteries of this human life; and even those who could find no light or hope in it have felt its power, like the iron stroke of a flail beating on their hearts. The truth that the Almighty Maker of our lives and Father of our spirits has placed us here, not as he might have done, doubtless, with finished and symmetrical lives, everything happy and smooth about us, everything bright and easy within us, characters complete and rounded, minds and hearts whose even pulse-beat kept temperate time, the voices of neighbors and friends making harmonious music on our way, the business of our calling running with untangled threads, no shadow of disease, no dread of loss, no agony of parting; but, instead, in a world overhung with mystery and filled with discipline, the machinery of life needing constantly to be oiled and tended, and even then getting out of running gear, the human relations of it so complicated, so difficult, hardest to do one's full duty in for those whose conscience in duty is keenest, our own selves the most unquiet kingdom for ourselves to rule, with puzzles of heart and will and brain and conscience, and over all the shadows which men knew of old as the visitings of Fate, and which, though they know them now as the touch of a merciful God, gathering the soul into the hollow of his hand, they still must see in part as what they are on their earthward side,—change and sickness and pain and loss. The only solution is the double truth: that God has not finished, but is still *making his world*, and that he does not work in this *alone*, but calls for the co-operation of man and nature with him.—*Henry W. Foote.*

THE STILL HOUR.

DRAWING NEARER.

When the day was all withdrawn,
  When we walked in darkest night,
When we panted for the dawn
  Of the ever-blessed Light—
    In those hours of darkness dim,
    We were drawing near to Him.

When, beneath the sudden stroke,
  All our joys of life went down,
When our best beloved broke
  Earthly bounds, to take their crown—
    By the upward path they trod,
    Nearer drew we to our God.

Through the long and vanished years,
  Doubting, struggling, and depressed,
Shrouded with their mists of tears,
  We were passing to our rest;
    Tempest-tossed and current-driven,
    Ever drawing nearer heaven.

—*Christian Life.*

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure, and good without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.—*Phillips Brooks.*

God will judge us by what we are and do. There is no substitute for purity of heart and uprightness and usefulness of life. It is never well with any but the righteous. We cannot change the issue. Nothing will save us but to obey God and keep our own hearts and do good to one another.—*Dr. George Putman.*

We should most naturally expect that God would not hide himself from his creatures. He loves them, invites their love to him, asks them to be on terms of friendship with him; and what is this but to say that he will hear, communicate, be open to, and receive their desires, doing for and with them as friends do, because they are friends.—*Horace Bushnell.*

He who works with God has God's breath to renew him every day. He who works without God finds his body give way just when he needs it, or his mind disobedient when a crisis comes. For his vital power is diminished by every victory; while the faithful child of God receives the promise and with every day has "life more abundantly."—*E. E. Hale.*

The love of beauty innate in all human hearts is an endowment of our immortal being. It is very true that in the child and in the merely natural man it only ministers to a sensuous gratification, since to them the grand or the beautiful in the external world is not the symbolization of moral and spiritual qualities. They admire it for the form and the coloring, and for nothing more. It is far otherwise after the soul has become newborn, and is haunted and tormented with ideals of moral perfection, and yearns to see a nature that shall copy them down upon

her tablet, or shade them off in her innumerous lines of perspective. She longs to see her conceptions of what is perfect in grace and grandeur exfigured and taking form, the outward answering to the inward, the real to the ideal, as the sky down in the still lake answers to the sky above.—*E. H. Sears.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

Some years ago, when my mother was quite an invalid, she collected pictures of celebrated men and women, and made scrapbooks of them. She has one of the Presidents of the United States, one of the royalties of Europe, one of English authors, and one of American writers. We have kept her duplicates, and I will send them to any one who would like to do the same work. She found it entertaining, and the books are interesting and instructive, especially if one tries to learn when the people lived. Miss Lucy Young, 5 Central Street, Winchester, Mass.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I am just home from Florida, where I have spent the winter with my two daughters. I find *Cheerful Letters, Christian Registers,* two numbers of the *Woman's Home Companion* of this year, and some tracts. They all have been opened and read by my son and his wife. They have been much enjoyed, and I only regret that the addresses have been lost, so I cannot tell to whom I am especially indebted. The spirit of loving kindness is so all pervasive in our Unitarian band that I cannot thank amiss, for the desire to cheer and bless is common to all, so I gratefully thank all, and will say in conclusion that I am still growing and rejoicing in the truth, as our blessed faith unfolds. Mrs. Mary E. Wicker, Norfolk, Virginia.

2. I became a member of the Cheerful Letter Society several years ago, and enjoyed its benefits so much at that time. But, moving around from place to place, I failed to keep up with the correspondents, so have been a silent member for some time. Now that I am permanently located, I should be glad to renew my correspondence. Any literature you have I should be very glad to receive,—magazines or books of any description. Mrs. B. O. Blalock, 530 North Long Street, Salisbury, North Carolina.

3. I shall be glad to receive cards or letters from any of you friends in any State. On June 29 I shall be forty-one years old. I am so situated that I seldom leave home, and so it will give me much pleasure to hear from you then. Mrs. Jennie J. Roberson, Dodson, Patrick County, Virginia.

4. Mrs. Joanna Crook, New London, North Carolina, expresses her gratitude for what she has received, and asks for more reading.

5. Mrs. Mary Foley, Elamsville, Virginia, will be glad of any reading, but especially asks for a Bible.

6. Mrs. Mary E. Decker, 964 East Locust Street, Springfield, Missouri, wishes to thank those who have sent reading, as she is unable to write each one at this time. She will appreciate all that is sent her, and will pass it on.

7. Mrs. S. A. Pace, Lancaster, Texas, Route 2, asks for "Robinson Crusoe."

8. Mrs. Edna Smith, Lancaster, Texas, Route 2, the mother of several children and a shut-in, will be very grateful for any reading.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. Emma Day, formerly of Trenton, is now at Scottebluffs, Nebraska.

Mrs. Mary E. Decker, formerly of 338 Commercial Street, is now at 964 East Locust Street, Springfield, Missouri.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

A VIOLENT TEMPER.

In dealing with a child who is subject to passionate outbursts of temper, it is an excellent plan to lower your own voice as his angry voice rises, to speak more and more slowly as his impetuous words come tumbling out confusedly. The free use of cold water, if convenient, is also recommended from experience, and it is astonishing how efficacious it proves, especially if the child has no

inkling of the ulterior purposes of the application. Accompanying a fit of temper, there is nearly always a sufficient mixture of tears and dirt to serve as an excuse for its use, and it is wonderfully soothing.

Better than all the cures is the preventive. It is remarkable that the kindest parents in the world will so frequently antagonize their children through mere thoughtlessness, forgetting the apostle's injunction, "Provoke not your children to wrath."

The child with a temper, then, is not to be condemned or fought with. He is to be pitied, for he always suffers; he needs sympathy, for he is almost always misunderstood; he needs encouragement, for his characteristics are valuable and his life may be made noble. Arm the young soldier, then, for the conflict; urge him to fight his own lower self bravely, persistently. Cheer him on with your love and your faith, and you may be sure that the end of the combat will show him sorely wounded, perhaps, but steadfast, undaunted, the victor in his hard-fought battle of life and the defender of those weaker than himself.—*Selected.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

PIGEONS OF PALESTINE.

One of the commonest sights in the land of Palestine is the pigeon, observes a writer in the *American Messenger.* Every house in Palestine, except perhaps the very poorest, has its pigeons. The better class of people keep their pigeons in a dove-cote made of mud or brick, roofed over to keep out the rain. In such a dove-cote are put wide-mouthed earthen pots, which serve as nesting-places. The poorer class of people have smaller dove-cotes, while a very poor man will keep the pigeons right in his own home, letting the birds fly in and out through the door of the house.

Pigeons also make their homes in large numbers in the rocks and clefts of the hill-sides in Palestine. One of the most remarkable places near the Sea of Galilee is called the Valley of Pigeons, because such large numbers of these birds are there found.

The Bible often refers to pigeons, and speaks very often of doves, which belong to the pigeon family. The turtle dove is mentioned more than fifty times in the Scriptures. The coming of the turtle dove was one of the signs of springtime, and we may well imagine the joy of the people when this bird made its annual appearance.

BOY RESCUES ROBIN.

Several hundred people stood for half an hour in the rain on Boston Common one afternoon recently watching George Pinhero, aged fourteen, of Everett, rescue a robin.

The bird had become entangled in a thick cord hanging from a high branch of an elm on the Park Street walk leading to the State House. Its struggles served only to entangle it more securely.

George Pinhero scaled the tree, though the rain had made the bark like a greased pole. He got a start up the trunk by piling benches, until he could get a good hold. When he released the bird, it flew a few feet, only to fall to the ground exhausted.

Meanwhile, the boy slid down the trunk until he could be reached by the crowd. He was lifted down and a collection taken up for him.

IF THERE WERE NO BIRDS, MAN COULD NOT LIVE ON THE EARTH, AND THE BIRDS ARE DECREASING IN THIS COUNTRY.

PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

The State Grange of Massachusetts has sent out letters urging more protection for the native birds. It points out the far-reaching economic importance of such a course and suggests practical ways by which the bird population may be increased in this State as it has been in other sections.

When we remember that hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent to suppress the gypsy and brown-tail moths, and that taxation for this purpose is growing steadily with little decrease of insect life, it is well to note that there are about fifty species of wild birds which feed upon the moths and regularly destroy a vast amount of their larvæ.

As the birds are the only effectual check upon destructive insects, how necessary that their numbers should be kept equal to emergencies!

The movement to increase the birds, to be successful, must have the aid of the children. A protective association for the birds, made up of the boys and girls, would accomplish more than any other agency. Little urging is required to interest children in birds, for this is the most popular branch of nature study with them.

HOW TO SAVE THE BIRDS.

The actions of mankind are the greatest cause for the decrease of the birds. Direct or deliberate killing has been lessened and largely prohibited. The failure to provide must be overcome. If the following direc-

tions are observed, colonies of the useful feathered residents will soon establish themselves:—

1. Do not shoot them or permit them to be stoned or frightened.

2. Erect nesting boxes. In these, ten or more species may nest.

3. Prohibit unusual noise around the premises during the nesting season, particularly while birds are selecting sites for nests.

4. Provide nesting material for use in constructing nests.

5. Put out trays of water and mud for robins, swallows, etc., to use in building.

6. Erect and preserve old posts, stumps, and logs with holes in them.

7. Suppress prowling cats and dogs.

ISLAND WHERE BIRDS ARE SAFE FROM SLAUGHTER.

One of the largest and most important colonies in the bird reservations is that of Battledoro Island. From end to end this island is simply teeming with bird life. Mr. Herbert K. Job thus describes this wonderful place in *Harper's Magazine:* "Words are inadequate to describe the sights of this remarkable island. It was simply full of birds. A nest of some sort or other there was at nearly every step. Myriads of skimmers, royal and Cabot's terns, laughing gulls, and Louisiana herons were to be seen. In all directions the air was full of birds. Here bird protection seemed to have reached its climax, its limit. There was positively no more room here, not another bird house lot was for sale.

"During parts of two days spent blissfully amid the wonders of this crowded metropolis of the birds, there was occupation for every moment. The birds, accustomed to the presence of the warden, were so tame that I could study and photograph them at will. Occasionally, when I used the tent for some very intimate work, I could erect it in plain sight of the birds, crawl in, and in a moment all would be on their nests again, even before I could make ready my camera. I shall never forget my sensations when, having finished the work to my satisfaction and exposed my last plate, I took a bath in the tepid water close at hand. Floating on my back, I watched the hovering cloud of birds, and listened to the chorus of their voices. Somewhat weary from my activities in the hot sun, a delicious languor began to steal over me, and I felt as though I were very near Paradise, the gates ajar. Yes, I had indeed entered—into Nature's Paradise! Here bird protection had absolutely triumphed, and on Battledoro at least there was nothing further to be done. It was the achievement of the ideal, the victory of the right, the crowning success of the Cause, the wondrous result of less than five years of bird protection."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

NOBLE LIVES.

V.

WILLIAM HULL.

Among the beautiful situations which abound in the vicinity of Boston, that in Newton, lately occupied as the residence of Governor Claflin, is very attractive. The house stands on an elevation above an extensive lawn, through which winds a large brook, and where groups of graceful elms throw their shadows along the soft grass in the summer afternoons. In my childhood this was the home of my grandfather, William Hull, and one to which all of the grandchildren loved to go. He had been an officer in the American army during the whole Revolution, and had known Washington, Lafayette, and other leaders; had been for some years governor of Michigan Territory, and could tell numerous anecdotes of his early days, to entertain the children who collected around his hospitable hearth. He would narrate to us stories of the sufferings and exploits of the Revolutionary troops; of the terrors of the French Revolution which he saw in Paris in 1798; and wild Indians among whom he lived in Michigan. A kind and genial old man, disposed to be a friend to every one, his house was a rendezvous for many sorts of people, who made themselves at home in its parlors or its kitchen. After a youth of adventure and a manhood which had brought many distinctions and honors, his age had been clouded by unmerited disgrace. Put in a position of command where success was impossible, deserted by his government and betrayed by his colleagues, he had been made the scapegoat of a blundering administration and of other commanders who knew how to throw on him the blame of their own mistakes. But his sweet temper remained unimbittered by this ill-treatment. He was always cheerful. He was never heard to complain, and was sure that his character would be finally vindicated. And thus he spent his last peaceful years in the pursuits of agriculture, on the farm which his wife had inherited from her ancestors, and which supplied the modest expenses of his household.

William Hull was born in Derby, Connecti-

cut, in 1753. His eldest brother, the father of Isaac Hull, who commanded the frigate *Constitution* in its battle with the *Guerrière*, became, like William, an officer in the Revolutionary army.

William Hull, the fourth son, graduated at Yale College with honors; afterward entered law school at Litchfield, Connecticut, and was admitted to the bar in 1775.

When the news of the battle of Lexington reached Derby, a company of soldiers was raised there, and William Hull was chosen their captain, very unexpectedly to himself. But, full of the enthusiasm of the hour, he at once accepted the appointment, and, joining Colonel Webb's regiment, of which his company made a part, marched to Cambridge to join the army of Washington. His father dying at this time, he resigned his share of the inheritance, saying, "I only want my sword and my uniform." From that time till the end of the American war he continued in the army, being present in many of the most important operations and engagements, such as Dorchester Heights, White Plains, Trenton, Princeton, Ticonderoga, the surrender of Burgoyne, Fort Stanwix, Monmouth, Stony Point, and Morrisania. He was inspector under Baron Steuben, lieutenant colonel in 1779, and commanded the escort of Washington when he bade farewell to the army.

His commander, Colonel Brooks (afterwards governor of Massachusetts), wrote a letter in 1814, in which he says: "In September, 1776, at White Plains, General Hull (then captain) acted under my immediate orders, and was detached from the line to oppose a body of Light Infantry and Yagers advancing on the left flank of the American army. His orders were executed with promptitude, gallantry, and effect. Though more than double his number, the enemy was compelled to retreat, and the left of the American line enabled to pass the Bronx."

He was then hardly more than a boy, twenty-three years old, fresh from college and the study of law. . . . This was the first time that he had stood with his regiment to see a British army marching to attack them, and his MSS. glow for a moment with the admiration he felt as a young soldier for the splendid military equipments and discipline of the enemy. He speaks of "the magnificent appearance" of the British troops, of the glitter of their polished arms under the bright autumnal sun, of their rich uniforms and equipage. So the boy captain stood with his poorly dressed provincials to receive the volley of grape and chain shot from the advancing foe, looking down on them from Chatterton's Hill, till he was called to lead the body which was to oppose the force trying to turn the American left. All he says of this is, "It was promptly done, with much order and regularity; and, after a sharp conflict, the object was completely attained"; merely adding that "his regiment had the honor of receiving the personal thanks of Washington after the engagement."

The next little touch of reality which breaks out from his memoir is concerning the fatigues of the soldiers at Trenton and Princeton. He was one of those commanders who made the sufferings of his soldiers his own. On leaving the Highlands of New York to join General Washington in Pennsylvania, he says he found that his company, then reduced to fifty men, had only one poor blanket to two men; many had no shoes or stockings; those which were in the company were nearly worn out; their clothes were wretched; they had not been paid, yet they were patient, patriotic, and willing to serve on without compensation. During their march they slept on the cold ground, though it was December, and that without covering. It was a bitterly cold Christmas night when Washington crossed the Delaware to Trenton. There was a driving storm of snow and sleet, and the ice was running in the river. The storm continued all night, and, when the troops were halted, they were so fatigued that they fell asleep as they stood in their ranks, and could with difficulty be awakened. In the action which followed, Captain Hull acted as lieutenant colonel. As soon as the battle had been fought and won, the army marched back with their prisoners and the artillery and military stores they had taken. Nearly all that night was spent in recrossing the Delaware. After gaining the other side, our young captain marched his troops to a farmer's house to get them some refreshment and rest. "After my men had been accommodated," says he, "I went into a room where a number of officers were sitting around a table, with a large dish of hasty-pudding in its centre. I sat down, procured a spoon, and began to eat. While eating I fell from my chair to the floor, overcome with sleep; and in the morning, when I awoke, the spoon was fast clinched in my hand." Happy days of youth, when no hardship nor fatigue can prevent blessed sleep from coming to seal up the eye and give rest to the brain!

The waking of the boy-soldier from this sleep on the floor was followed two days after by an agreeable incident. Washington, whose eye was everywhere, had probably noticed Hull's good behavior in this action.

The day before the march to Princeton one of General Washington's aids came to Captain Hull's tent, and said, "Captain, the Commander-in-Chief wishes to see you."

The young soldier went, we may suppose, with some trepidation, to the General's quarters. Washington looked at him, and said, "Captain Hull, you are an officer, I believe, in the Connecticut line?"

Hull bowed, and General Washington went on: "I wish to promote you and I have the power to do so. But for that purpose I must transfer you to the Massachusetts line, since there is no vacancy in yours. If you are willing I will appoint you major in the Eighth Massachusetts."

Hull thanked his general warmly for this mark of favor, and said, "All I wish, General, is to serve my country where I can do it best, and I accept the promotion gratefully."

He was then appointed to command a detachment to watch the approach of Cornwallis, and to detain him as long as possible while Washington was fortifying himself beyond the little creek, behind which he concealed his rapid night march to Princeton. After serving in these two battles he was sent to Massachusetts to recruit his regiment. Having recruited three hundred men, he was then ordered to join General St. Clair's army at Ticonderoga. When General St. Clair evacuated that post, an outcry of reproach went up against him from all quarters, though this event probably caused the final surrender of Burgoyne. Major Hull, satisfied of the injustice of these censures on his commander, wrote a letter to a friend in Connecticut during the retreat,—the stump of a tree serving him for a table,—defending the course of St. Clair. Major Hull was then sent with his regiment under General Arnold to relieve Fort Stanwix on the Mohawk River. After this work had been accomplished Arnold and his troops rejoined the army of Gates at Saratoga, and Major Hull commanded detachments in the battles which compelled the surrender of Burgoyne. In one of these battles, when he drove the enemy from their post with the bayonet, his detachment lost one hundred and fifty men out of three hundred. He commanded the rear-guard in Schuyler's retreat from Fort Edward, and was constantly engaged with the advanced troops of Burgoyne. He commanded a volunteer corps on the 19th of September. His detachment, by charging the enemy with the bayonet at a critical moment, aided in the repulse of Burgoyne on that day. In the battle of the 7th of October Major Hull commanded the advanced guard. At the final surrender of Burgoyne, he says: "I was present when they marched into our camp, and no words can express the deep interest felt by every American heart. Nor could we help feeling sympathy for those who had so bravely opposed us."

The Massachusetts regiment, of which young Hull was major, had now earned the right to some short period of rest. It had marched from Boston to Ticonderoga, had retreated through the wilderness to Saratoga, had thence marched to Fort Stanwix on the Mohawk and back, and had been engaged in all the battles with Burgoyne. But it was now ordered to Pennsylvania to join the army of Washington, and was in the winter quarters during the cruel winter passed at Valley Forge. Major Hull and Lieutenant Colonel Brooks had a hut together. It contained but one room, with shelves on one side for books, and on the other for a row of Derby cheeses sent to Hull by his mother. Here they passed the dreary days of the winter. The men wanted provisions, blankets, and shoes. The officers were scarcely better off than the men. Discontent, approaching to mutiny, was the natural result. Terrible diseases broke out in the camp. Long years after these trials had passed by, my grandfather Hull could scarcely allude to them without emotion.

The army was fading away by disease and desertion and by the expiration of the term of enlistment. A little vigor on the part of indolent Sir William Howe would have driven this shadow of an army back into the mountains of Pennsylvania. Fortunately for Washington, General Howe was incapable of any such enterprise. He preferred feasts and games in Philadelphia.

One attempt, however, he made. He tried to surround a detachment of twenty-five hundred men under Lafayette, but failed in this from the superior alertness and vigor of the young French general. Hull was with the body sent to meet and assist Lafayette on this occasion.

After the battle of Monmouth, in which Major Hull served under Lord Stirling, taking part in the successful resistance to the attack of the right wing of the British, he was ordered to march his regiment to Poughkeepsie, and then to Kingsbridge, in front of the enemy's lines near New York. Hull had the command of the corps of observation at this place, which faced the whole British army, and was eighteen miles in advance of any other body of American troops. Great circumspection and constant watchfulness was necessary. He moved his troops from spot to spot, about White Plains above and below Dobbs Ferry, patrolling to the

right and left, and watching every movement of the British army. This was the region ravaged by the Cow-boys and Skinners, and is the scene of Cooper's novel, "The Spy." Major Hull commanded here during three winters, trying to repress the cruelty of these lawless marauders, so far as his small force would allow. He was then about twenty-five years old and in excellent health. "In a command so responsible," says he, "I adopted a system to which I steadfastly adhered; nor did storms, cold, or the darkness of the night ever interfere with its performance. Early in the evening, without taking off my clothes, with my arms by my side, I lay down before the fire wrapped in my blanket, and gave directions to the sentinel to awaken me at one in the morning. My adjutant, or some other officer, was with me, and one or two of the faithful guides from among the loyal inhabitants of the region. The troops were ordered to be paraded at the same hour, and to remain on parade until my return. After the whole were assembled, one-half were allowed to go to rest, and the other half were formed into strong guards, which patrolled in front and on the flanks of the detachment until sunrise. This force was in addition to the small parties which were constantly patrolling with the guides. After making this arrangement, I rode with my adjutant and one or two guides across to the North River, and then back, on the line of my patrols, toward the East River, and then rode thus in different directions until sunrise. I commonly rode about twenty miles at night, and as many during the day. I was directed to preserve peace and good order among the inhabitants, and cautioned not to allow supplies to be carried to the enemy. The enemy made many attempts to surprise and destroy my detachment, but by the precautions taken his plans were invariably defeated. I selected a number of families on whose fidelity I could rely, and formed a line of them, extending from Kingsbridge to my most advanced guards. I requested them to come to me at night, and gave them my instructions. The man who lived nearest to Kingsbridge, whenever he noticed any extraordinary movement among the enemy, was to take a mug or pitcher in his hand, and in a careless manner go to his next neighbor on this line for some cider, beer, or milk, give him notice, and return home. His neighbor was to do the same, and so on, until the information reached my station. Thus the enemy could make no movement without my being informed of it. I rewarded these good people for their services, which they could not perform without much personal risk. Not one was faithless to his trust, though surrounded by hardship and danger. The State of New York required them to take the oath of fidelity, and, if they refused, their property might be confiscated. Those who did not take the oath were plundered by the Skinners, and those who did by the Cow-boys."

About the end of May, 1779, Sir Henry Clinton moved up the Hudson from New York, the American army retreating before him. The British troops took possession of the two strong positions of Stony Point and Verplanck's Point, and put garrisons in them. Major Hull was ordered to West Point, where his detachment erected a fort overlooking and commanding the other works at that place.

Stony Point and Verplanck's Point were the keys of the Highlands, and formed the eastern and western termini of King's Ferry, an important line of communication. They were just at the head of the Tappan Sea. General Washington, whose headquarters were just above West Point, determined to attack Stony Point and retake it. He intrusted the enterprise to General Wayne. On this occasion Major Hull commanded a column, and received the commendation of his commander for his conduct. Hull had two narrow escapes, one ball passing through the crown of his hat and another striking his boot.

For his conduct on this occasion Major Hull received promotion, and was made a lieutenant-colonel. He was also much gratified by an invitation from General Washington to enter his family as one of his aids. But he was obliged to decline this, as General Steuben, who was introducing a new system of discipline into the army, was very desirous to have Hull as one of his assistants, as inspector, in which position he remained for some time. He was afterward ordered to West Chester to his old position before New York, where he commanded a detachment of four hundred troops. In this position he offered to make an attack on the British post of Morrisania, which was garrisoned by a partisan corps who were constantly plundering in the neutral ground and in the State of Connecticut. General Washington gave his permission rather reluctantly in a letter printed by Sparks, and dated January 7, 1781. Washington doubted of the success of the enterprise, on account of the long distance the Americans would have to march to attack fresh troops, and because they would leave fortified British posts in their rear. He added that "success depends

absolutely upon the secrecy and rapidity of the movement." Hull was accustomed to this watchfulness and caution from his long command in this exposed vicinity. He marched past the enemy's posts unperceived, with six hundred troops, and succeeded in dispersing the enemy, taking prisoners and cattle and the horses of the British cavalry. They then burned the barracks and stores, and he returned without rest and amid frequent attacks on the rear from an ever-increasing foe, and at last brought off his prisoners and his troops in safety. He received the thanks of Washington and Congress for this service. Having served six years without having asked for leave of absence, he now obtained permission to spend the rest of the winter in Boston, where he was married to the only child of Judge Fuller at her father's house in Newton.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE BOY WHO TRIES.

The boy who wins is sure of praise,
And yet I somehow prize
Through stress of dark and cloudy days
The gallant boy who tries.

Not once nor twice nor thrice he lifts
His sturdy hand, ere life
Shows bright and clear, the blue that rifts
With peace the sky of strife;

The lad whose valor holds its own
In presence of defeat,
Who fails and rises, makes no moan
In dust or cold or heat.

I find it in my very soul
To bless the stubborn stuff
That takes of poverty its toll,
And makes that dole enough.

A thousand praise the boy who wins,
But twice ten thousand rise
Beyond this world of clamorous dins
To praise the boy who tries.

—*The American Boy.*

ANY FUTURE LIFE FOR ANIMALS?

We answer: John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, thought there was. So did those eminent Christian bishops, Jeremy Taylor and Bishop Butler. Coleridge advocated it in England, Lamartine in France, and Agassiz in America. Agassiz, the great scientist and a man of profound religious convictions, was a firm believer in some future life for the lower animals. A professor of Harvard University has compiled a list of one hundred and eighty-five European authors who have written on the subject. Many years ago a man left by will to Mr. Bergh's New York Society about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Relatives contested the will on the ground that he was insane because he believed in a future life for animals. The judge, in sustaining the will, said he found *that more than half the human race believed the same thing.—George T. Angell.*

Who are the men that in emergencies stand forth as heroes? Always those that have not despised the little steps of self-improvement which seem to make life so plodding, but which really make it a treasury of reserved power. They that have made themselves worthy are the ones that do great things. And, for my part, I make it the very essence of my religion to feel assured that no fragment of human moral readiness will fail of being called out on some field of service. Believe it, every soul will have its Hobson's chance.—*Charles E. St. John.*

THE RELIGION OF OUTWARD NATURE.

In our ardor for spiritual religion we have neglected too much the religion which springs from nature. Spiritual religion alone leaves part of our nature unsatisfied,—all that large region of imagination and feelings which are kindled into awe and joy by the influences of natural beauty, by the activity and change, by the passion and calm of nature. The poets have seized on this region and made it their own, and it might be called the region of natural poetry. It has lost its true name, which is the region of the religion of nature. It is considered as the realm in which beauty and sublimity and a hundred other abstractions are revealed: it has ceased, practically, to be considered as the realm in which God is revealed. We confine the revelation of God to the spiritual truths disclosed in Christianity. It is not too much to say that that is a great practical mistake. There are two books of revelation,—the book of nature and the book of God's speech to man's spirit. When the latter succeeded the former, it did not intend to push the religion derived from nature away forever, but to supplement it. Both are to be retained by us, only one naturally was to be higher than the other. But the overwhelming importance given to spiritual religion has removed out of the sphere of our religious thought the religion of nature. Consequently the study of nature by scientific men and the contemplation of nature by poetic men have both become irreligious.—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

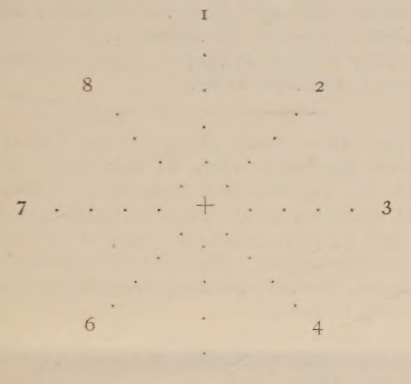
AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

A WHEEL.

The central letter of this wheel is the first letter of each of the eight words composing it.



1. The dog-faced ape.
2. A carnivorous burrowing animal.
3. A theatrical dance.
4. A species of fir-tree.
5. An outlaw.
6. A Hindoo merchant, cashier, or money-changer.
7. To ridicule.
8. A grain used for food.

II.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 44 letters.

My 44, 18, 29, 6, is an old name for Christmas.

My 23, 22, 15, 10, 21, 8, is the eastern portion of the Mediterranean.

My 25, 29, 40, 11, 16, is a small wind instrument.

My 4, 43, 1, 38, 32, is a small pig.

My 36, 28, 7, 9, is a nocturnal insect.

My 33, 20, 2, 14, 37, is a raid.

My 17, 34, 30, 42, 13, is a temporary house.

My 5, 3, 31, 26, 41, 27, is to be indignant.

My 19, 12, 35, 32, is a part of a wheel.

My 42, 39, 24, 29, is to labor.

My *whole* is Nathan Hale's dying words.

III.

ANAGRAMS.

Famous Authors.

Famous authors:—

1. Brother N. E. Alcott.
2. E to western Rajah.
3. I bang rat with bronze bleter.
4. Ex-theatrical.
5. So glad, U and mama.
6. A fac-simile hen.

—*Good Housekeeping.*

IV.

FLOWER PUZZLE.

1. My first of silence oft is said,
   The culprit views my next with dread.

2. A race that reigned supreme of yore,
   A friendship's emblem in their lore.

3. Secluded was the life they led,
   And a covering to protect the head.

4. Fairest of women, heaven born, too,
   And an article we daily view.

5. A pungent spice from o'er the sea,
   Ne'er do my next, you'd an angel be.

—*Every Other Sunday.*

V.

PECULIAR ARITHMETIC.

To two-sevenths of Harvard add one-sixth of Cranby, two-eighths of Victoria, one-fifth of Levis, two-sixths of Nelson, and make the name of a President of the United States.

Answers to Puzzles in the May number.

I. GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—*Part II.* Ayr (air), Cedar, Fair Oaks, George, Bath, Peking (peeking), Sandwich, Orange, Kandy (candy), Sugar Loaf, Olives, Vinegar, Cork, George, Fox, Deer.

II. INITIAL LETTER PUZZLE.—Memorial Day.

III. SUGGESTIONS.—1. Zeuxis. 2. Countess of Salisbury and Edward the Third. 3. Penelope. 4. Cadmus.

IV. FAMOUS PERSONS BORN IN MAY.—1. Joseph Addison. 2. John James Audubon. 3. Maria Theresa. 4. William Henry Seward. 5. Ralph Waldo Emerson. 6. Peter the Great.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

There will be no meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange in June. Notice will be given of the first meeting in the autumn.

The chairman is at the Alliance headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, every Monday and Thursday from 10 to 12 o'clock.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

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THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Please make checks payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

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Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.